



# KODAK GRAY SCALE



**C**

Red-Filter Negative

Cyan Printer

**M**

Green-Filter Negative

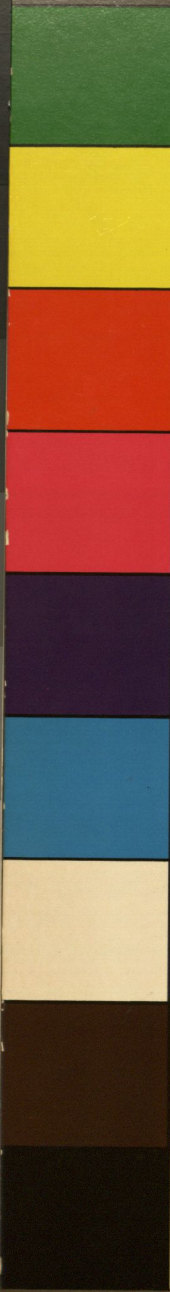
Magenta Printer

**Y**

Blue-Filter Negative

Yellow Printer

0.10 0.20 0.30 0.50 0.70 1.00 1.30 1.60 1.90



black 3-color white cyan violet magenta primary red yellow green



# KODAK COLOR CONTROL PATCHES



*These colors have been selected as representative of those inks commonly used in photomechanical reproduction.*



# THREE LITTLE NEST-BIRDS:



Depicted  
by  
R: André:

Written by  
Juliana: Horatia: Ewing:

London:  
Society for Promoting  
Christian Knowledge:  
New York:  
E. & J. B. Young & Co.



Sammlung Hobrecker

Universitätsbibliothek



Braunschweig

*Fortbildung folgender.*



Three Little Nest Birds  
By Juliana: Horatia: Ewing:



Depicted  
by  
R. André:













Chromolitho:  
Emrik & Binger  
15 Holborn Viaduct.



Three Little  
Nest Birds



THE OATH OF THE HORATII

E meant to be very kind,  
But if ever we find

Another soft, grey-green, moss-coated, feather-lined  
nest in a hedge,

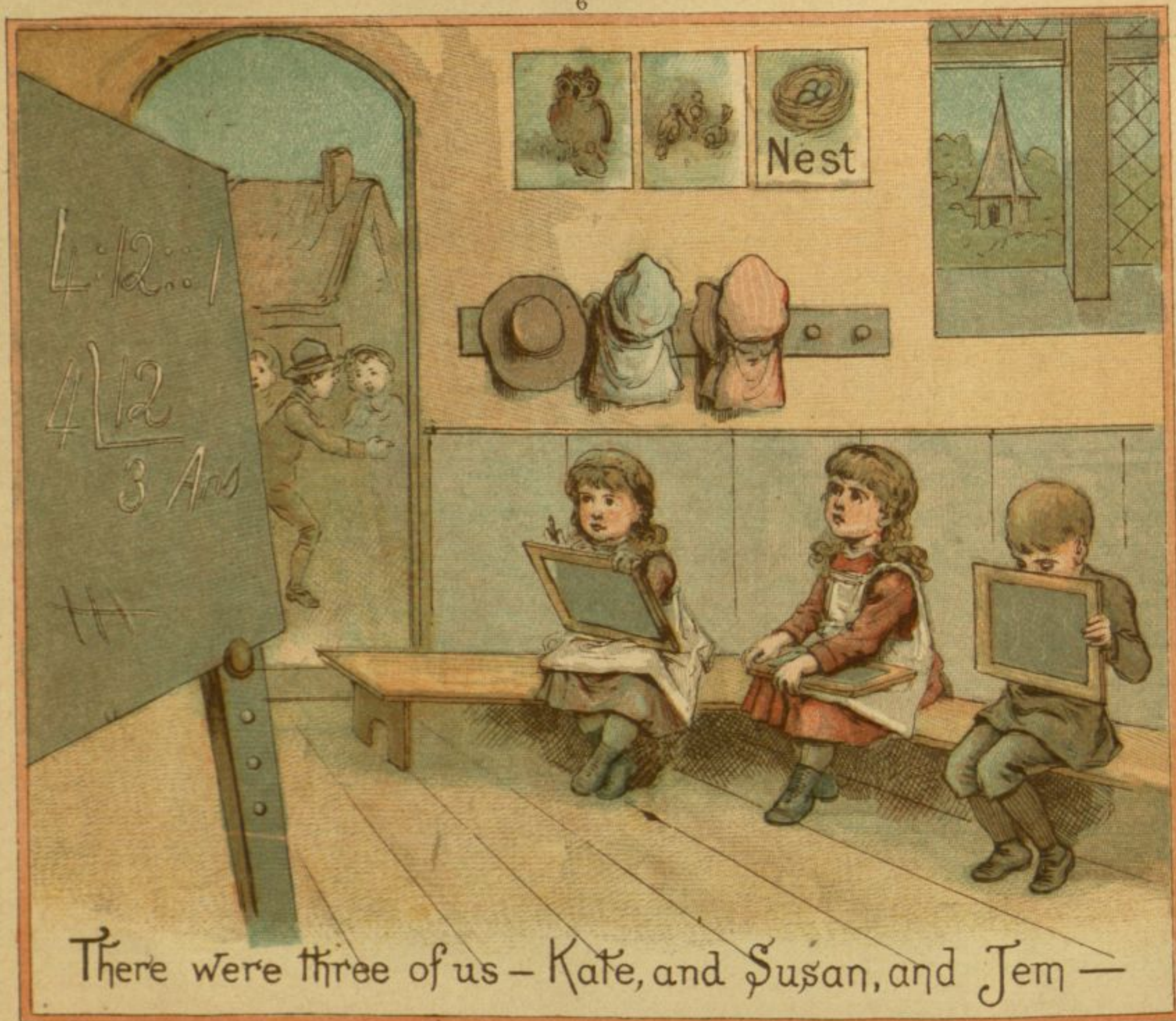
We have taken a pledge —

Susan, Jemmy, and I — with remorseful tears, at this very minute,  
That if there are eggs or little birds in it —

Robin or wren, thrush, chaffinch or linnet —

We'll leave them there  
To their mother's care



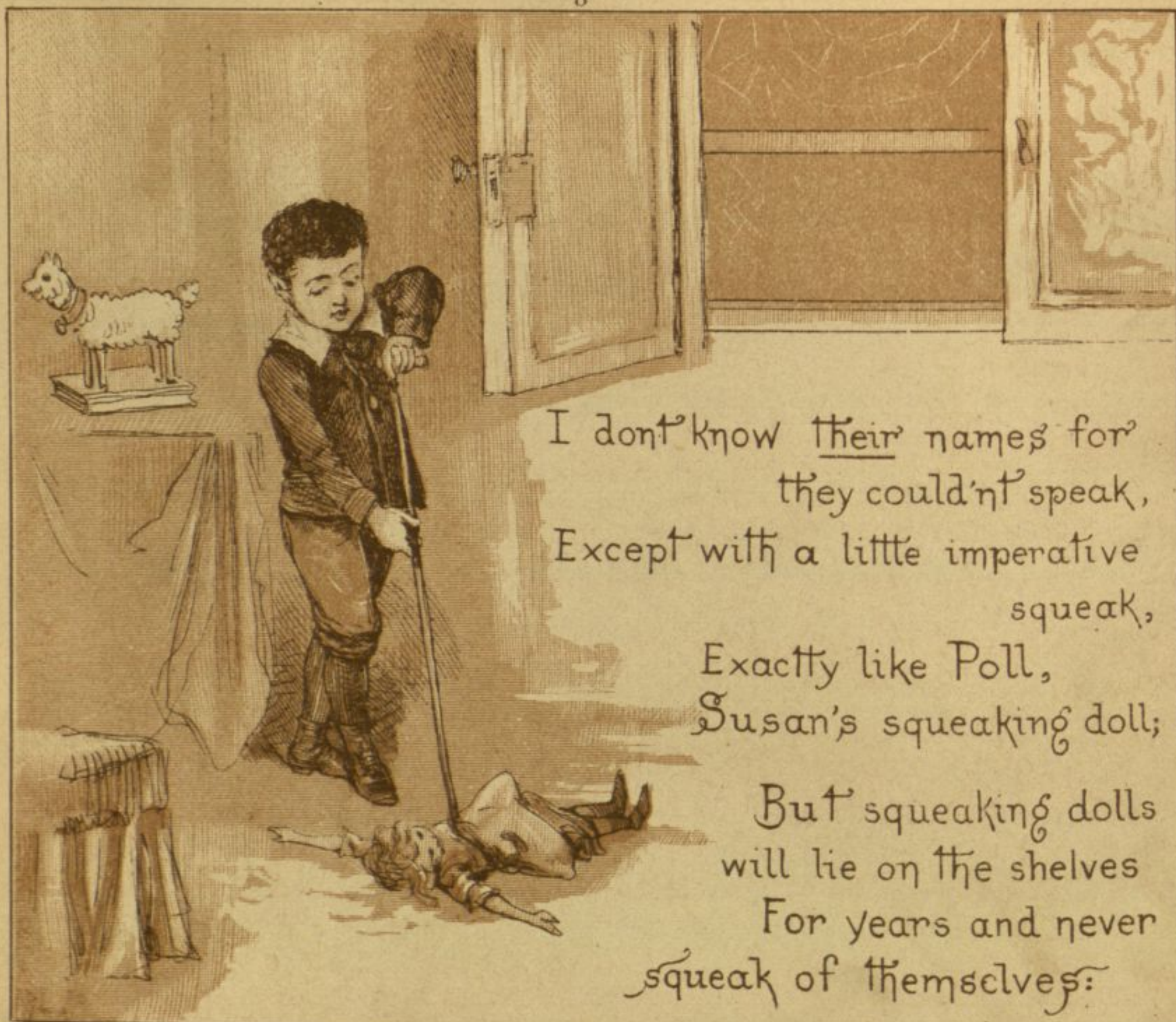






And three of them —





I don't know their names for  
they couldn't speak,  
Except with a little imperative  
squeak,

Exactly like Poll,  
Susan's squeaking doll;

But squeaking dolls  
will lie on the shelves  
For years and never  
squeak of themselves:



The reason we like little birds so much  
better than toys

Is because they are really  
alive, and know how to  
make a noise.





were three of us, and three of them;  
Kate,—that is I,—and Susan, and Jem,



THERE







Our mother was busy making a pie ,





And theirs, we think, was up in the sky;





But for all Susan,  
Jemmy, or I can tell,  
She may have been getting  
their dinner as well.





They were left to  
themselves (and so  
were we)  
In a nest in the hedge  
by the willow tree:





And when we caught sight of three red little fluff—  
 —tufted, hazel-eyed, open mouthed, pink-throated heads,  
 we all shouted for glee. ~~~~~





The way we  
really did wrong  
was this:

We took  
them for mother  
to kiss,

And she  
told us to put  
them back,





Whilst out on the  
 weeping willow  
 their mother was  
 crying "Alack!"  
 We really heard  
 Both what Mother told  
 us to do, and the voice  
 of the mother bird.





But we three—  
that is Susan and I and Jem—  
thought we knew better than  
either of them:  
And in spite of our mothers' command  
and the poor bird's cry,





We determined  
to bring up her three  
little nestlings ourselves  
on the sly. ~~~~

We each took one,  
It did seem such excellent fun!



Susan fed hers on milk and bread,







Jem got wriggling worms for his instead.





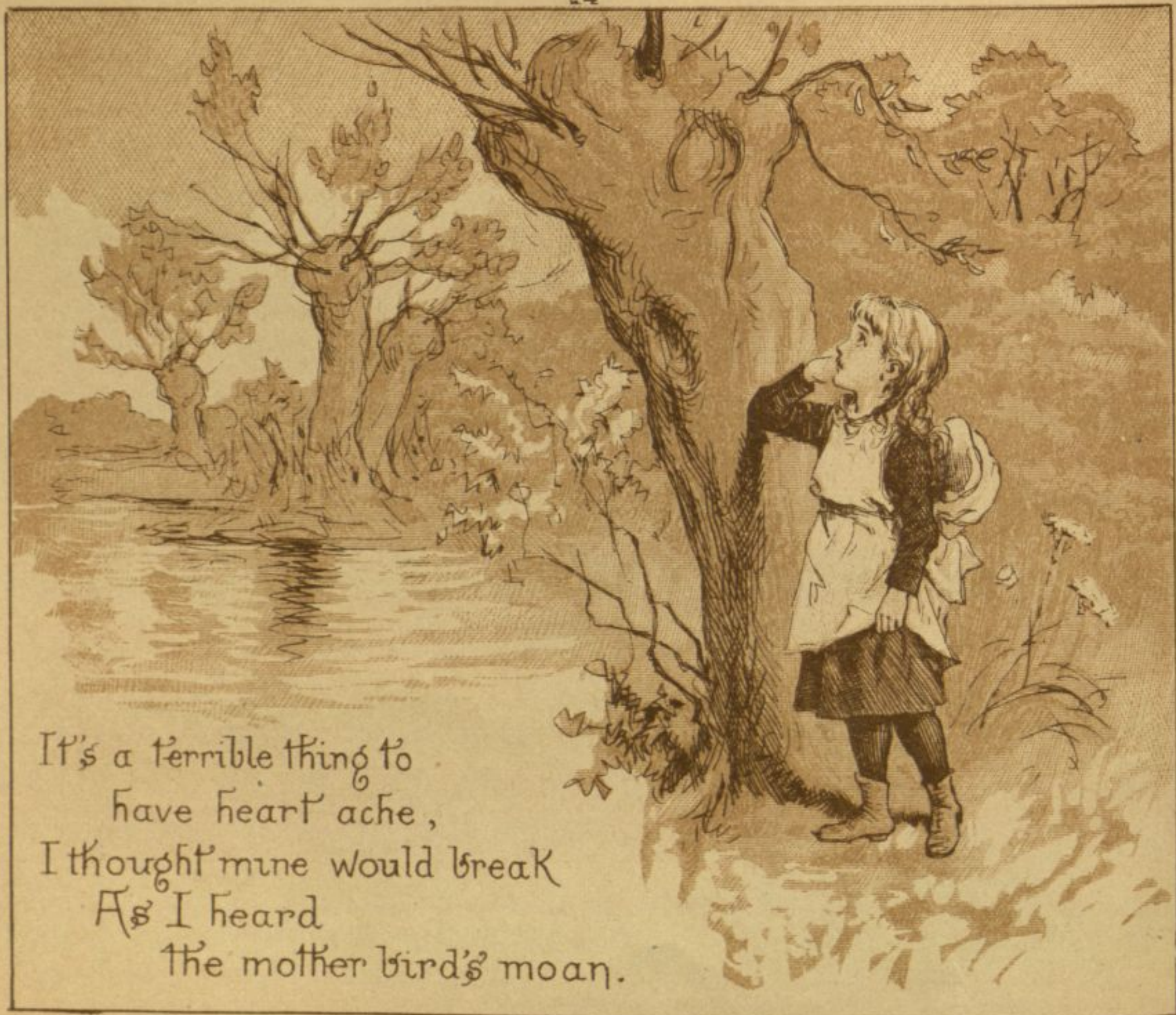
I gave mine meat,  
For, you know, I thought, "Poor darling pet!  
Why shoul'dn't it have roast beef to eat?"





But, O dear! O dear! O dear! How we cried  
When, in spite of milk and bread and worms and  
roast beef, the little birds died! ~~~~





It's a terrible thing to  
have heart ache,  
I thought mine would break  
As I heard  
the mother bird's moan.



And looked at the grey-green, moss-coated, feather-  
-lined nest she had taken such pains to make,



And her three little children dead, and as cold  
as stone.





'Mother' said  
and it's sadly true,  
"there are some  
wrong things  
one can never  
undo."





And nothing that we could do or say  
Would bring life back to the birds that day.





The bitterest tears  
that we could weep  
Wouldn't wake them  
out of their stiff,  
cold sleep.

But then,  
We - Susan and Jem  
and I - mean never  
to be so selfish and  
Wilful and cruel  
again.





And we three






Have buried those other three  
In a soft, green, moss-covered, flower-lined grave,  
at the foot of the willow tree.





And all the leaves which its branches shed  
 We think are tears because they are dead: 

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The End:





**ZfB** Entsäuerung

01. Okt. 2007

Winter 1920

258



:Verse Books for Children by J:H:Ewing:  
:Illustrated in Colours by R:André:



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# KODAK GRAY SCALE



**C**

Red-Filter Negative

Cyan Printer

**M**

Green-Filter Negative

Magenta Printer

**Y**

Blue-Filter Negative

Yellow Printer

.10

.20

.30

.50

.70

M

1.00

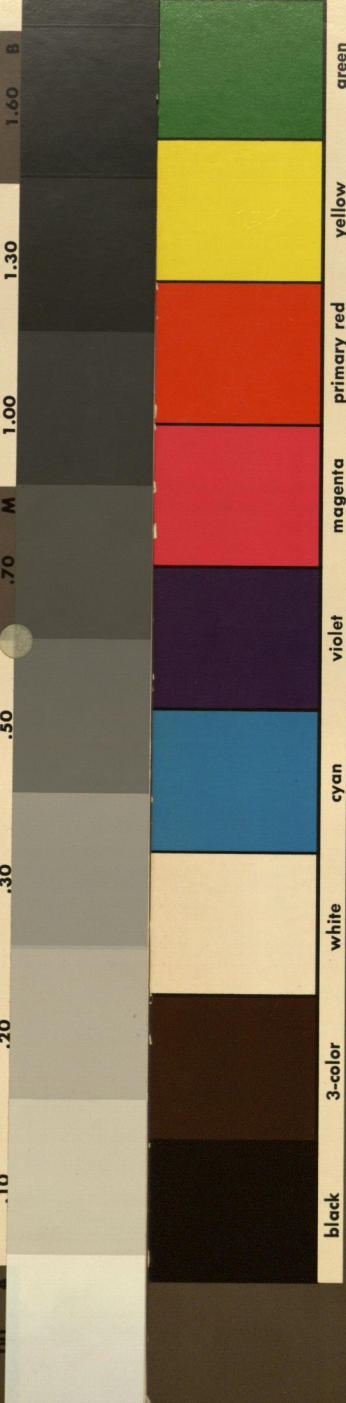
1.30

1.60

B

1.90

00



black

3-color

white

cyan

violet

magenta

primary red

yellow

green



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